The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

THE KNIGHTS — MORE FULLY

A NUMBER of unfortunate constructions have been put upon the editorial in our last issue concerning The Knights. Most unfortunate, of course, is the fact that the Dean has construed the consideration as a direct attack upon him and his ideals, and that any number of students seem to hold the same opinion. Of less consequence, though unfortunate enough to be sure, is the fact that the embryo Knights who have been busying themselves in a search for some innkeeper to dub them, have been eyeing us askance, and placing wagers to the effect that The Knights will be sanctioned and held in high reverence by the student body in spite of our villainous attack upon their project. Then there is the flagrant nonsense being hurled back and forth by the respectable gentlemen who are quite content to argue about anything for the sake of argument and let it go at that. All this because, in a fit of desperation, we gave up our search for an appropriate title to that editorial, and wrote simply, "The Knights," conveying to the undiscriminating the idea that this was meant to be an all-comprehensive denunciation of that organization.

About the undubbed Knights and the respectable gentlemen we are indifferent; things will shape themselves to their liking or disliking independent of any interference we might offer; but we'll not have anyone believing that we are in revolt in the matter of the Dean's program. The Knights are held in high estimation by the Dean, true; and the students who are imbued with the true Saint Mary's spirit will hear nothing of any force being brought to bear upon their attendance at meetings of one description or another, true; but how anyone could come to regard the latter condition as incompatible with the former is beyond explanation. The round-up function, as well as we can understand it, was the fertile invention of some few of the aspiring knights, and not of the Dean, but whoever invented it, we'll have none of it. And there we stand about round-ups.

As to the other functions of The Knights, they rest wholly on the question of expediency. The spirit of Saint Mary's calls for a keen appreciation of what is right and decent in the student's deportment on the outside. The student body has a right to demand that each student comport himself as a gentleman—or so that no one would know but what he is a gentleman—both on and off the campus. If it be deemed by the student body that The Knights would be effective in stopping the irritating practice of booing at games, then let us have Knights. If it be deemed by the student body that The Knights would be effective in dispelling certain boors who are in the habit of sitting on the front lawn and directing imbecile attempts at witticism at passers-by, or in routing the individuals who from time to time make asses of themselves in and in front of our neighborhood ice-cream stand, then let us have knights indeed; let them be provided with lances, or halberds, or baseball bats, or such weapons as they may prefer, and let them set about correcting such offenses, with all despatch. If the institution of The Knights would be the most expedient measure for adequate provisions regarding such things as rallies, ushering at games, and arranging for transportation of students to out-of-town games, then let us have knights.

Whether or not it would be expedient to assign these duties to The Knights is not The Collegian's business—it can only say "If. . ." Whether or not The Knights should receive sweaters, or blocks, or what have you, for their labors, is not The Collegian's business. Much less would it be The Collegian's business to take sides for or against the organization. But any encroachment on the traditional rights of Saint Mary's students is very much The Collegian's business, and it will try to make itself heard when it gets the slightest scent of any such encroachment. Such is The Collegian's stand, and such is the interpretation of the true Saint Mary's spirit.

THE DECLINE OF COURTESY

THE other day, as we were hurtling down Broadway in one of those "6" cars at the until 1832 unheard of clip of twelve miles per hour, we were afforded fresh occasion to bewail the decline of courtesy. Across from us a lady of considerable weight had perched herself on the edge of the bench, and of a sudden this good woman decided to put on the coat she carried. In the accomplishment of this difficult bit of business, the lady dropped a transfer. Now she gave the impression of having approximately the same facility to bend in the middle as a well filled sack of potatoes, and in consequence she could do naught but stand there and view the transfer in such lugubrious mien as should have moved even the most hardened to proffer her some assistance. Not so the high school youth who sat to one side of her, and the young maid who sat to the other; no, they must needs stare immovable at this bit of paper much as a dog or cat regards, with startled solemnity and anxious concern, a stone which has just landed with a thud at its side. Somehow these young people seem to think that this bit of paper was a missile which had been aimed at them with malicious intent, and the difficulty which beset them at the moment was the question of the suitability of the weapon.

Of course, after we had analyzed the situation, it was not ten seconds until we had bobbed across the aisle, recovered and restored the lady's transfer, ducked our heard curtly, and resumed our seat. We had given ourselves no cause whatever for congratulation, and we sensed a very uncomfortable air pervading the whole front end of the car. The youngsters sitting opposite having recovered from their quandary were now quite patiently convinced that there was no criminal intent in back of the transfer's falling, and seemed dimly conscious that they might have acted with more credit to themselves. We were reflecting that we had cut a rather poor figure with our grudging duck of the head and merest suspicion of tipping the hat. Strangely, the lady who had dropped the transfer seemed to believe that she had thereby committed a grave mistake—from the treatment she had received she was perhaps led to believe that she had inflicted a serious imposition on her fellow passengers. Thus, all the occupants of the front end of the car were made uncomfortable by the lack of a little grace, and thus much discomfort is engendered by that fault which is growing in strength and universality as time goes on: the inability to make our contact with others graceful and frictionless. Something should be done about this, and that something, we take it, should be a literary work capable of attaining vast popularity, and of conveying the much needed lesson.

A NEW FEATURE

PERHAPS one of the keenest intellectual pleasures of the college man is the amusement afforded him by the inanities of public opinion and of the press. Not that the college man himself doesn't do and say inane things, not that he isn't guided by a number of ideals as silly and futile as those of the man to whom the newspaper is a shining embodiment of truth and the movies appear in all the glamour the press agents are pleased to throw about that institution; this amusement arises out of the fact that the college man, exposed as he is to ideas worthy of the name, cannot but recognize with some measure of clarity the humor contained in a number of popular standards and activities. Among those possessed of rather dull perception, this recognition is conducive to plain fat-heatedness, and this fat-headedness is responsible for the contempt in which certain non-college men regard the average college student. Among those who have an idea, however imperfect, of what things are about, this recognition is conducive to an expansive good humor toward popular ideas in general, and toward the viewpoint they themselves contrive in particular. To these latter, and foibles of their fellows never become grating, and the instigators and perpetuators of such foibles are never the vistims of impatient denunciations at their hands. Only a pernicious doctrine or a crying injustice is capable of bringing forth anything like opposition from these people.

It is to be hoped that there are many of this disposition at Saint Mary's, and in that hope and with the indulgence of the faculty adviser, we are going to include among the editorials hereafter, a few choice vacuities gleaned from the papers and magazines we read, and from the busy life about us. The quotations will be made with malice toward none, and their source will be labaled for the sole purpose of distinguishing them from our own vaporings. Of course, if we find that our efforts in this direction are taken in bad part by our readers, or that the feature cannot but contain a great deal of matter which has come to their notice already, we shall desist, but we entertain high hopes of introducing some humor into such a barren page.

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

IN ORDER to arrive at a full appreciation of the relative values of comedy and tragedy, we must go back into the history of their origin and indicate those principles that underlie each; when this is accomplished it is not difficult to perceive some of the characteristics that make these two forms of drama vital to the man who wishes to procure a deeper insight into life.

Both the tragedy and comedy originated from the "Ritual Drama" of Attica. The tragedy comes first, for it represents life most perfectly, it portrays the ways of the world, an end that grows out of a beginning and develops to a climax. The tragedy was originated to show what happened to men. The comedy on the other hand, represents incidents in the lives of mankind, the most unexpected and amusing incidents.

Action and plot are most vital in tragedy, for without these two factors it would be impossible to have tragedy. Tragedy starts with a given action and the characters act mainly for the sake of the action. These actions necessitate certain motives, characteristic to the character to be portrayed; hence the underlying principle to be aimed at in tragedy is to fit the action to the motive and the motive to the character, whereas in comedy, accident is the underlying principle. There is no need of a highly developed plot for there is not in the comedy that close knit necessity that predominates tragedy. Comedy is more a representation of character, the actors so to speak are turned loose upon the stage and it is their display of action that we are interested in.

Now let us indicate how these principles work out in the plays of Shakespeare. Let us select a representative tragedy and comedy say, "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." Hamlet is the study of human life—the study of a mystery, as is the character of every human being. It is a play that starts us thinking; for it is the psychological study of a human soul. It is the action of Hamlet that first arouses our interest. We are baffled. Is he human? Are his motives sound psychologically? No, he is a mad man! Thus as the plot develops our thoughts become intensified and knotted, as we attempt to unravel the motives and actions of this character created by such a master as Shakespeare.

The comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," is centered around the characters and the accidental happenings; for much ado is produced entirely by nothing. It begins with noting of the prince and Claudio first by Antonio's man, and then by Borachio, who reveals their confidence to John, the incident upon which its action turns is noting of Borachio's interview with Margaret by the Prince and Claudio, and finally the incident which reveals the plot is the noting of Borachio and Conrade by the watch. The entire comedy turns upon this mis-noting. Thus we come to apprehend the vital principles of the tragedy and comedy as they actually work out in the play.

The purpose of tragedy is to inspire man and make him think, for he sees on the stage an intensified study of life, what is man and the end he comes to. Comedy, "the Mirror of Society," so called, reflects those incidents of daily life that occur through our association with our fellow men.

—RALPH MARKO, '27.

SONNET

Like threads our little lives are twined
About the lives of other men;
And though the world may fiercely rend
The knot that struggling humans bind,
'Tis this great need of man combined,
That holds him to his fellow when
Some surging strife would seek to spend
Its fury on the human kind.
So let us not live all for self,
And think of naught save Me and Mine;
Nor let us thus with greedy hands
Retrieve and hoard away our pelf:
Why pelf—why hoard, when Thee and Thine
I lose because of selfish strands?

MARK AIKIN, '28.

THE MISSION OF THE HEBREWS

THE Hebrew people have made great contributions to the literature of the East. In religion the contribution of the Hebrews is pre-eminent—unmatched in purity of thought, in understanding of the problems of life and in depth of spiritual insight. The books of the Old and New Testament make a universal appeal and even in our own day the Bible is the most widely read book of all languages.

The Old Testament consists of thirty-nine books, comprising prophetical, prophetical-historical, legal, and poetic writings dating from 1000 to 100 B. C. The New Testament contains twenty-seven books, all written probably in the first one hundred and fifty years of our era, presenting the life and sayings of Jesus and the history and literature of the early Christian Church.

Palestine is a little land, and the Hebrews were an isolated people, preserving the purity of their race and maintaining tenaciously their peculiar institutions. However, influences came to them constantly from the world beyond and enriched their life and literature. Egypt to the southwest, Philistia, where dwelt a non-Semetic and highly artistic and civilized people, Syria to the north, and most important of all, Assyria to the east, the seat of ancient civilization, were not without influence upon the culture and literature of the Hebrews.

The primitive age of Hebrew literature covers roughly five hundred years before David. It was a period of oral traditions. Poetry was represented by the epics of the creation, and the Flood. There survive from this time popular fables and riddles in poetic form. The next period, covered from the time of David until about 750 B. C., and has been termed "The creation age of poetic composition and prophetic narration." Then came the great age of literary production in Palestine, and in the lands of exile, 750-400 B. C., the period of the prophets. On the poetic side we have Lamentations and many of the Psalms.

The closing three centuries of the Old Testament period were an age of imitation. The Old Testament canon was fixed, and the Greek translation of the Old Testament was made. In the New Testament we have first four biographies of Jesus, the Gospels. The remainder are letters or epistles; one book of history; and the book of Revelation.

Hebrew is a primitive language. There is no involved syntax, no elaboration in the structure of the sentence. The vocabulary is restricted, and in poetry the effect is produced by the natural rhythms. Abundant examples show that the Hebrew mind was deeply impressed with the wonders and beauties of the created world. Lyric poems of great beauty are among the Hebrew poetic books. They express many human emotions, with, however, a notable absence of humor and other lightsome qualities. There is an exquisite love poem in the Bible—The Song of Songs—it consists of a circle of songs celebrating a marriage.

From the philosophic Old Testament period comes the Book of Job. It is a great world poem, one of the most magnificent poems in all literature. In the sense that it presents a single theme, a great theme, and a complete theme, it is an epic. Splendid examples of sustained narrative are to be found in all the historical books of the Old Testament, throughout the books of Ruth and Esther, and in the earlier chapters of Daniel. In the epistles of the New Testament we have many striking passages on love and on immortality.

Since the Hebrew people were the writers of the Bible, which is even in our day the most widely distributed book in all languages, we must give to them due credit and praise. For in the Bible we find some of our most beautiful literary works both in form and in thought. To the Hebrews we are indebted for that great work which has been used on occasion as a source of despotic dogma and as an authority on all matters of history and science, but more commonly as the determining rule of life for the guidance of men.

—WILLIAM KLAUS, '29.

I believe a new and enormous number of people now have no opinions at all.—G. K. Chesterton.

We deceive and flatter no one by such delicate artifices as we do our own selves.—Schopenhauer.

TWO MADMEN

WHAT a panorama presents itself at the mention of Hamlet's madness! A prospect of sweltering debates, of tier upon tier of ponderous tomes, of earnest conversation growing faster and more furiously into opprobrious argument, of lifelong enmities, quarrels, dissensions, broken friendships, alack, even madness itself. What if Shakespeare could have glimpsed the struggling scholar, burning the midnight oil, sweating, toiling, and still not able to solve the mystery! A pestilence upon that madness! Yea, a pox upon it! Let us have done with it, and say Hamlet was not mad. No, nor was he feigning madness. Hamlet, a youth of noble parts, of sentiments and passions graced withal, was placed in such a situation that he could do naught but brave the force of revelation and of overwhelming truth. His brain, attuned to gentle conduct, and unaccustomed to the wiles and treacheries of a villianous uncle and a disloyal mother, simply burst at the thought of the crime committed; his promise to his father was vengence, and yet. . . Too true, those horrible facts which faced him on every side! What man, forsooth, would—could do other than take to philosophizing, to sudden paroxisms of rage, to long periods of melancholy. No, Hamlet was not mad, he was but reacting as any sane, dutiful son would act if he were of Hamlet's disposition and in his predicament.

Let us now look to Lear: Who will deny the insanity of this wretched old person, with his heart-withering imprecations, his stubbornness and his fickleness? Lear was clearly and old fool, a doting fool, an unnecessary letter, at least in the lives of Goneril and Regan. His sudden outbursts, unlike those of Hamlet, are inspired by no crushing sense of horrible reality. He is unphilosophical and illogical in his every act. When Hamlet is sublime, Lear is frightful, but not everlastingly so. Hamlet at once has our sympathy; Lear begins by commanding our disfavor, and finally our pity. We never pity Hamlet—we cannot; we can only feel with him. Had Lear been in Denmark, he would probably have met his end like old Polonius—not behind the aaras, to be sure, but in some other way at the hand of Hamlet. That hero had no use for the like of Lear, for such rascally old knaves.

—MARK AIKIN, '28.

A FRIEND INDEED

"Gordon, will you see to No. 18? He is calling again."

A young intern put aside his medical book and rose from his chair to answer the request of his superior, Dr. Brice Collins.

"As handsome as Apollo," admired the doctor as he followed the youth across the ward with his eyes. "No wonder Mercedes gave me the slip at the dance last night when she saw Gordon."

The truth of the matter was that Mercedes had gone with Collins some months, up till last night, when she saw Gordon Hunt. Dr. Collins came home alone. A good natured smile crept across the doctor's face as he recounted these things. Gordon was the only person in this wide world who could pull a trick like that on Dr. Bruce Collins and get away with it. He loved the young intern like a son, and far be it from him to stand in the way of any happiness Gordon should taste.

It was but a year ago that Dr. Brice Collins was a leading physician in San Francisco. The Spanish War came, and with it that dread disease of the tropics,—maleria. More American soldiers were to succumb to it than to the bullets and bolos of the Insurgents. The western coast of the United States was ransacked for medical men. Dr. Collins was one of the first to respond. By a stroke of fortune he was thrown in with the son of his old room mate at college. On the way to the Islands Gordon Bruce and the doctor formed an unbreakable friendship.

Here was a test of that friendship. Would it be broken because a slip of a Spanish girl came between them? Not for the world, if Dr. Collins had a word to say.

Gordon had crossed the ward and was bending over the fast fading soldier.

(Continued on page 6, column 4)

Drama

I. R. McVAY

ALIAS THE DEACON

THERE has always been a difficulty experienced whenever we have attempted to do too many things at once, and so it happens that such an excuse is all we have to offer for the shortcomings of this section for this particular issue. Following closely on the heels of our quarterly examinations were a few other activities requiring a considerable part of our physical efforts, which left our time in such straits that no other idea could occur to us except that of recouping our energies for the morrow. Add to this that the conditions of production which we were forced to meet allowed us the review of only one new presentation in San Francisco play houses; with one exception we had been able to sit in at every theatre offering a legitimate run; so we will be able to tell you of only that one exception.

Well then, one evening we hied ourselves to the President Theatre, to see Henry Duffy's production, "Alias the Deacon," and we must say that we are at a loss, after this affair, to understand why Duffy has so far allowed the rather high standards of excellence in productions he once had to become nothing more than a continued diet of inane farces. We aren't able to determine what the conditions are which make it necessary to foist such stuff on the public, but we sincerely hope that these conditions will not force their presence to be tolerated too long.

In the farce we were able to find a certain pleasure in two facts. There is a prologue in the affair, and it happens to take place in a freight car enroute to some now forgotten place, but the illusion has been rather well handled by the stage director. No small amount of patience and imagination goes into the efforts of rehearsal to create such a natural effect, and when the details of the matter have been considered and the effect has been painstakingly gone over, the audience feels the more charitable toward any displeasure incurred by the puerile treatment of the farce.

The other fact happens to be the character of the Deacon: in the freight car we are able to become acquainted with his rather genial and affable nature, together with his dextrous handling of the cards. His dignified mein, his saintly air, would almost lead us to underrate his trained skill through which he has secured a rather precarious existence for some little time. Mr. Hugh Cameron, who played the particular character, gave a performance that would almost make one falter a little in condemning the elderly gentleman for his trickery and become more than half persuaded that he was entirely innocent. He gave the weak farce a dynamic spirit that made it funny and exciting, which it otherwise would not have been.

A point might be mentioned to the effect that the playwright uses a means known as dramatic irony for all the comic effect. That is, the audience is fully aware of the machinations of the deacon, and the simple people that mistake his solemnity for the pious feelings of a sincere man, cause the deacon to smile at times and on other occasions to stutter with an embarrassed conscience. Any one wishing to become acquainted with this form of dramatic expression might do well to include this farce in their investigations, for just that reason.

The story opens in a freight car, and the deacon and several other vagabonds are passing the time with card playing. Quarrels take place. The train comes to a stop and the non-paying passengers cease squabbling and disappear into the dark confines of the car, but not before a slight figure is seen to roll back the heavy door and climb inside. (The program announces that this is a refrigerator car. The doors on a refrigerator car do not roll —they swing on hinges. Ah, there, Henry!) It develops that the slight figure is a "she," and since the deacon and only one other occupant of the car may lay claim to any sort of desirable feelings, a fast and furious quarrel ensues in which the lights go out and the lady and her champion leap from the moving car.

In the first act we discover that the heroine and her champion have managed to locate themselves in a little town with the love birds very much in the offing. Financial problems are in the way to an immediate marriage until opportunity presents itself by way of the young and handsome hero substituting as a fighter in the big main event at the village boxing show. He doesn't win the fight and he also loses his temper, which prompts him to punch the village promoter unconscious when our hero is refused his promised purse. It develops that the promoter has been relieved of a considerable amount of money while in his unconscious state, and of course the finger of suspicion points to the hero.

The next two acts permit the deacon to unravel the tangle and set things aright. All the while, of course, not overlooking the possibilities of picking up some very easy loose change from those dupes who believe our amiable friend to be an easy mark in an innocent game of cards. These situations, while they become a bit forced and exaggerated as the play progresses, have enough of the necessary contrast in them to insure quite a few laughs, and Mr. Cameron plays them all for what they are worth.

BRANDER MATTHEWS

ALTHOUGH Brander Matthew's discussions of the drama may be received by many of the ultra-moderns as material narrowed by reason of a purely academical criticism, nevertheless in the face of his more than half-century of playgoing, that critic's statements should have no small weight of authority behind them. While mindful of such a fact, the disclosures of his recent edition of essays (Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play, and Other Essays on Plays and Players) offer some interesting opinions, and the fact that he has preserved the sharp edge of appreciation undulled by his years of playgoing.

Another point to be remembered is that he has had the benefit of a long and extensive study of the theatre. That he is able to find favor with our native playwrights of today would seem to indicate that all the adverse criticism made about the inevitable end of our present day drama down the path that leads to perdition and the bow-wows, has been somewhat hasty and inclined to overlook a few things.

One of the essentials of the drama is the appreciation of the discriminating, and it must be stimulating to skillful playwrights like Miss Rachel Crothers, Mr. Hatcher Hughes, Mr. George Kelly, Mr. Lawrence Eyre, Mr. Lewis Beach, and others whose plays he discusses, to read this tribute:

"One quality they have in common: they are all of them well written in clear and clean English, vigorous and unpretentious, uncontaminated by 'fine writing,' falsely so called. Without parading it they possess 'literary merit;' and I make bold to believe that several of them will prove to be permanent additions to American literature, as readable as they are actable. Some of them are serious in theme, and in these the dialog has the stark directness of tense emotion; but no one of them is solemn, since their loftiest moments are accentuated by humorous touches, as is the case in real life, where tragedy and comedy are inextricably intertwined. They all eschew the old fashioned and outworn 'comic relief,' which forced the funny characters to succeed the graver, whereby we were presented first with a streak of fat and then a streak of lean. Making a more artistic use of the comic spirit, they introduce us to men and women who are not mere figures of fun, but recognizable human beings, occasionally laughable because they are always human. Sometimes they attain to the higher levels of true comedy, which compels us to think even while we laugh."

The acting of today comes in, too, for its share of recognition. Professor Matthews recognizes that while our actors may have lost something of the grand style of the past, they have gained in simplicity and the subtler refinements of characterization. He dwells also on the rise of the profession of the director, which indeed is becoming increasingly important. If the "stars" are beginning to fade, we have instead the well balanced company which put on "Anna Christie," "Rain," "Hellbent-for-Heaven," and "Craig's Wife," which reflect the skill of a directing intelligence that does not permit the atrocious casting of the days when one competent actor or actress was surrounded by mediocre players. Those who have watched the progress of the last few years will heartily agree with Professor Matthews that in the development of the competent director lies one of the brightest hopes of the modern theatre.

As something of a protest against the tendency of some few to allow formless drama to pass as the very quintessence of the modish in dramatic presentation, Professor Matthews adds:

"In our awakened relish for the portrayal of our common humanity and in our exasperated reaction against merely theatrical contrivances, there is danger that we may go too far and be tempted to neglect the art of construction and even to despise it. And that way madness lies."

—I. R. McVAY.

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Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINTS TRIUMPH OVER BEARS

Signals! 98, 32, 42, 58, 121, Hike-snap! "Cowboy" Smith has the ball and is dashing around left end. The chalk marks fly beneath his feet—80 yards and a touchdown. That's how it happened, only it didn't take that long. Before the California team knew what it was all about, Boyd had increased the Saint Mary's total to twenty points thereby putting the victory "in the bag." It was not long afterwards that the "Rambling Runt" added another run of fifty-five yards to a touchdown. These two runs virtually swept the Golden Bear off his feet; and what little confidence they had before went crashing down to bitter destruction.

It is the common opinion of all persons who witnessed the memorable contest on October 9, that up to the time of Boyd Smith's spectacular jaunts the game was one of the best ever played on the coast. The Saints opened the game with an offensive avalanche that piled up fourteen points before the Bear team could get organized. Saint Mary's recovered Earl Jabs' fumble on the California twenty-five yard line and from there Captain Leo Rooney, who played superb ball during the entire contest, packed the ball behind perfect interference to the goal line for the first score of the day. Watson booted one through the middle of the uprights for the extra point. The next touchdown was made possible by Jim Underhill's crashing run of fifty-three yards through California's left end. O'Gorman then made sixteen yards on a cut-back. Bob Farrell made a short gain on a line plunge, and Leo Rooney waltzed around end over the goal line. The play was called back and the Saints were penalized five yards. "Sparky" Farrell crossed the Bear team up and called the same play again. Rooney repeated, going over the goal line untouched. After this touchdown California came back with a forward passing attack that, with the aid of a few penalties, resulted in a touchdown. Van Horn made the extra point. The teams played on an even basis the rest of the first half. In the second half the game was all Saint Mary's, due to the fact that the "Rambling Runt" did his stuff.

Jim Underhill was injured in the latter part of the first half when he was downed after intercepting a California pass. This injury kept Jimmy out of the remainder of the game. This is Jimmy's last year and we would have liked to have seen him play more of the California game, since this was his last chance to cavort against the Bears.

Madigan's team played super-human football on October 9th against the Bears. As one scribe puts it, "they played as if inspired." The team was one of the most perfect machines that fans have witnessed. The interference was executed so well that Smith and Rooney were hardly touched on some of those runs to touchdowns. The line put up such a stout offense that the only gains of any importance that the Bears could make were by forward passes. Collins, Frankian, Hicks, Tobin, Watson, Illia, Mulcahy and Bettencourt form one of the strongest lines that California has ever run up against. Bettencourt, without a doubt, proved that he is the man for All-Coast center this year.

Such backfield stars as Leo Rooney, Jim Underhill, Boyd Smith, Bob Farrell and Gus O'Gorman are making the public forget about the Four Horsemen that took the nation by storm two years ago. Leo Rooney did everything and so did Jim Underhill while he was in there. There is nothing we can say about Boyd that has not been said already; so we will remain quiet about him. Bob Farrell called his plays perfectly, while Gus O'Gorman covered himself with glory in his first big college game.

THE SAINTS' NEW BUS

Saint Mary's, in accordance with her principle that nothing is too good for the Irish, has just bought a new Safety Coach for the transportation of her athletes. A Fageol by make, it seats twenty-six and possesses all the accommodations of the newest and latest stages. The big coach is coated with the school's brilliant colors, and on the side can be seen the College emblem in gold. The bus is very pleasing to the eye and should leave a good impression upon anyone. Mac, the Trainer, is Chief Engineer and Assistant Fireman on the big wagon. He claims it is as easy to handle as a baby carriage, and who knows better?

No other institution on the coast can boast of a better conveyance for the team, and our Varsity has right well merited such a coach. It was officially christened by carrying the victorious Galloping Gaels from the Memorial Stadium on that unforgetable October 9th, but its first real trip was undertaken when Coach "Dutch" Conlan took his Frosh team down to Palo Alto to do battle with the Stanford Goofs. The first trip it took was eminently successful in as much as it brought back a load of bear meat. Its journey down to Palo Alto, however, did not result in a victory for the Saint Mary's Frosh. Coach "Dutch" Conlan and his men gave a very creditable showing for themselves, but were unable to cope with the versatility of the sons of Palo Alto.

SAINTS DOWN CALIFORNIA AGGIES 20 TO 7

It was not until the fourth quarter had already got under way that the Galloping Gaels of Saint Mary's opened up an attack that swept the California Aggie ends off their feet. The highly underrated Davis Farm team proved quite a morsel for the Saints to chew, and with the score 6 to 7 in favor of the visitors at the end of the third quarter, the big red and blue Varsity began to take the game seriously. The Davis Farm lads showed plenty of fight, and tackled hard and with deadly accuracy. Smith, Leo Rooney, and "Sparky" Farrell all felt the power of their tackles and were forced to leave the game. Leo Rooney had not been in the game long before he was injured and had to be replaced by "Cowboy" Smith. Rooney managed to rip off a twenty-one yard run and toss a fifteen-yard pass to Jimmy Underhill before leaving the game.

The first two quarters were passed in punting and smearing line plays, with Bettencourt doing most of the smearing. The third quarter saw the California Aggies draw first blood when Lane broke through the Saint's secondary defense and galloped seventy-six yards to a touchdown. Tout converted and the score read, California Aggies 7; Saint Mary's, 0. Tout then kicked off to the Cowboy, who ran it back thirty-three yards. On the next play he again got away for thirteen yards. Underhill then made six, and Smith was injured. The ball changed hands on an exchange of kicks. Merrick replaced Smith, and Johnson replaced Farrell. With the ball on the Aggies' five-yard line, Johnson flipped a pass to Al Collins, who caught it as he fell over the line. Watson's try was off by inches. The fourth quarter saw the Saints unleash a flank attack that rushed the ball down the field twice before the Farm boys could stop the attack. Jimmy Underhill, who played a heroic game at half, started off the march by racing twenty-one yards on a long end run. Then came Jack Merrick and his brilliant thirty-five yard prance to a touchdown. Underhill again started the march, after booting a sixty-five yard punt to Lane, by reeling off another twenty-one yard dash around left end. Bucks by O'Gorman and a short run by Merrick put the ball within striking distance. Jimmy was again called upon to make yards, and he did it with two Aggie men on his back, carrying them four yards to their twelve-yard line. O'Gorman, Merrick and Underhill put the ball on the Aggie's three-yard line, and Merrick was again given an end run to put over the last touchdown. Captain Watson converted, making the score 20 to 7. Jimmy Underhill was taken out, badly battered, but still indomitable, and Joe Rooney was sent in. Taking up where his brother left off, Jos Rooney raced and weaved his way twenty-two yards around right end, putting the ball on the Aggies' twenty-two-yard line. Merrick made four yards and the game ended with the Saints on their way to another touchdown.

As was expected, the Saints suffered a let down after their defeat of California, but they showed the old fight and gave the Davis Farm lads a good time. The line held the Aggies in the palm of their hand.

Johnson handled the team well at quarter and Merrick proved himself ready to run the ends with the "Cowboy."

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Sports

GEORGE W. CLAUSE ED SMIDDY

A POST-SEASON GAME FOR SAINT MARY'S

By George W. Clause

Los Angeles writers are calling the attention of the Tournament of Roses Committee to the fact that Saint Mary's College should be given due consideration in the selection of a team for Pasadena's annual classic. Right now, one prominent sport writer states, Saint Mary's is fourteen points better than U. S. C. This is giving Saint Mary's quite a hand out, since the Trojans are considered the winners of the Pacific Coast Conference. It will be remembered that the Saints took the Trojans into camp two years ago, but were unfortunately left off the Southerners' schedule for the present season. Before the representative of the West is selected, it might be well for the Tournament of Roses officials to look into this matter and see if Saint Mary's is not deserving of at least a passing consideration.

After Geneva's defeat of Harvard, quite an uproar was created by the supporters of this small college, who rather arrogantly claimed for themselves the title of "Small College Champions." It so happened that Andy Kerr, former assistant Varsity coach at Stanford, now coaching Washington and Jefferson, made the passing remark that he knew of a small college on Broadway, in Oakland, California, that had a word to say concerning this Small College Championship. This brings about a possible game with Geneva, the conquerors of Harvard, with Saint Mary's, the conquerors of California. Such a game would draw well on the Coast.

If Stanford should become inspired and cause history to repeat itself by whipping the Trojans again, we could consider a game between the winners of the Pacific Coast Conference with the winners of the Far Western Conference, providing, of course, Saint Mary's and Stanford go through their schedules with clean records. This game, if played in the East Bay would have a tremendous drawing attraction

A NEW YELL

Head Yell Leader Clarence J. Carroll announces that a new yell has been added to our repertoire. The yell is as follows:

The Fight Yell

Saints, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Fight, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Saints Fight—Fight Saints
Saint Mary's Fight
Rah!
(repeat)

(First time slow, second time fast)
Learn it!

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SAINT MARY'S FROSH VS. STANFORD "GOOFS"

Although Coach "Dutch" Conlan's men suffered a beating at the hands of the Stanford "Goofs," the outlook for our underlings is anything but dark. The score, 25 to 6, does not do justice to the game fight our men put up, nor does it tell all of the tale concerning the scoring of those points. At half time the score was nothing up, when the Stanford Frosh combined some breaks, some speed, and some brains to rush over four touchdowns. Our lone tally resulted in an intercepted pass by Okerman, who raced sixty yards to a touchdown. Martin played a whale of a game at tackle, repeatedly smearing plays before they reached the line of scrimmage. Captain Jack Pitchford was a tower of strength in supporting the line. His game at full was one of the bright spots in the Saints' downfall. Scarlet and Semas played brilliant ball at halves, dividing the honors for yard gaining. The Frosh have all the ear-marks of a good football team. Speed, power, and fight is there, and with Coach "Dutch" Conlan at the helm, ably assisted by "Swede" Nelson, we can look forward to the Frosh bringing home the honors in true Saint Mary's style.

A BAD YEAR FOR THE CHAMPS

By George W. Clause

1926 has been a year of upsets in the realms of sport and a particularly bad one for the champions. Harry Greb started the ball rolling by losing his light-heavyweight title to "Tiger" Flowers. Other fistic crowns changed hands when Mickey Walker, Berlenbach, and Rocky Kansas met defeat in the ring.

Then came France's invasion of our tennis courts. By dint of much care Tilden, Johnson and Richards managed to keep the Davis Cup on our shores, but lost the national title. Big "Bill" Tilden, seven times winner, was eliminated by the youthful Henry Cochet. Tilden played with a badly wrenched knee which seriously handicapped the court wizard. Helen Wills also lost her title of National Women's Champion upon her inability to enter the tournament. The last champion to lose, or rather forfeit her title, was Suzanne Lenglen, whose professional engagement with C. C. Pyle outlaws her as far as amateur standing is concerned.

Then came the big upset of the year when Gene Tunney, a former Christian Brothers' boy, took Jack Dempsey's crown away at the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition. Coming hot upon this upset we find the major leagues celebrating two new champions in St. Louis and the New York Yankees.

With the football season just started many more surprises are in store for the fans. If the champions continue to lose, and if the challengers continue to enjoy Dame Fortune's fickle favor, we are in a fair way to win a title ourselves.

"Toots" Kasper and "Oxy" Merrick show much improvement over their last year's form.

CUT-BACKS

Jack Merrick's excellent work in the California Aggie game practically assures him of more work in the future. Things were exceedingly low-spirited till he made that driving run through end for our second touchdown.

—o—

Lane, Aggie half-back, provided the outstanding feature of the game Saturday with a seventy-eight yard run to touchdown. Most of the fans who saw the play are still trying to figure out where he came from and how he got loose.

—o—

Bettencourt's work at center this year has been so spectacular that we do not think there can be much argument as to his being real All-American timber.

—o—

The Aggies came down from Davis with a peculiar defensive formation that had our boys worried for awhile.

—o—

Although he was unable to score a touchdown, Boyd Smith provided the fans that came out to see him cavort with plenty of thrills. "Cowboy" was by no means stopped. He ran the punts back exceedingly well. One of his running catches of an Aggie punt is still being talked about among football enthusiasts who witnessed the affair.

—o—

Stever played a good defensive game at right end for the Aggie team.

—o—

The California Aggie game marked the return of Jack Scarlett to the fold. It will take Jack a little while to get the "hang of affairs," due to a long lay-off. When Jack does begin to hit his full stride Madigan can add another first-class end to his list.

If all the members of the Aggie squad become farmers when they have finished their course in Agriculture, the nation need not worry about the rural situation. Every member of the team was big and husky, and "no foolin'."

—o—

The Saints paid for the Aggie victory very dearly. Bob Farrell received a cut in the eye that required four stitches to mend it; this injury may keep "Sparky" out of the game for awhile. Several of the other boys are suffering from "charley horses" and various other lamenesses due to their contact with Aggie beef.

—o—

Gus O'Gorman, the Richard Dix of Saint Mary's, is losing some of his charm due to his rather marked proboscis. That's what he tells us, anyway.

It seems that at last Jimmy Underhill is getting a "tumble" from the scribes. Every season they seem to overlook our Jimmy when it comes to picking "All-star" teams. Underhill is a real triple-threat back in every sense of the word; he passes well, is one of our best ground-gainers, and is the best punter on the squad. One would think, from reading the papers, that Jimmy had assumed these qualities over night, but such is not the case. Jimmy has always been a fire-class back and recognition is overdue to him.

—o—

"Sparky" Farrell has acquired the old confidence at the quarter-back's job. When he is in there the team functions smoothly and fastly. And how he can hit on defense!

—o—

Collins and Frankain gave a wonderful exhibition of end playing in the Army game. They held the much touted Gilmore to no gain every time he tried to skirt the ends.

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On and Off Campus

U. S. SPEAKERS ADDRESS STUDENT BODY REGARDING AMENDMENT TEN

On Wednesday morning, September 29th at ten o'clock, the students of Saint Mary's assembled in the gymnasium to hear two speakers from the University of California explain amendment number ten, which is to be voted upon at the State election in November. This amendment is of particular interest to the present students of the University of California, and is of general interest to the whole State. For this reason the students at U. C. have organized a campaign to see that this particular amendment carries in the coming election. In furtherance of this plan the students at California asked for an opportunity to address the students of Saint Mary's, a request which was gladly granted them, the Christian Brothers knowing that anything that benefits education in general is bound to help Saint Mary's in the long run.

The address given by the main speaker from California was very illuminating and instructive, especially as many of us are old enough to vote and have not been paying much attention to the matters to be voted upon this year. It is quite possible that a good many of us did not know that such a necessary issue as amendment number ten was upon the ballot. In the course of the address we learned not only of the pressing need for amendment ten to be passed, but we also learned that the University of California is working under a severe handicap, because of inadequate building facilities, just as we are at Saint Mary's. This is just another common cause which strengthens the bond of friendship between the two friendly rivals. We were assured that California is behind Saint Mary's in her campaign, and that when we start our campaign in San Francisco in November, we will have the whole-hearted support of the California student body.

The text and purpose of amendment ten as outlined before the Saint Mary's students is as follows:

1. Amendment ten is recommended to the people by vote of the State Legislature, upon whose initiative it was placed on the ballot of November 2. It provides a bond issue of six millions for State University buildings; and two and a half millions for State office buildings, this latter sum to be expended in equal amounts at Los Angeles and Sacramento.

2. The State office buildings will cost the people nothing. The money saved in rent by the construction of new buildings will be more than sufficient to pay up the bonds, principal and interest, when they mature.

3. The six millions for University buildings is to be divided equally between the University of California at Berkeley and the State University division at Los Angeles. The situation at Berkeley: forty-one ramshackle, temporary buildings on the University of California Campus, including the Students' Hospital, place a tremendous handicap upon instruction, and endanger human lives. On the Berkeley Campus there are more obsolete wooden buildings than on the combined campuses of twelve leading universities in the United States.

The situation at Los Angeles: Six thousand students are crowded into buildings designed for less than half that number. Citizens of Los Angeles and surrounding communities have donated, free of all charges to the State, a magnificent campus site.

The foregoing is the sum and substance of the addresses given by the able California speakers. The meeting was ended with some snappy numbers by Brick Morse's Collegians, and yells for both California and Saint Mary's. "Brick" Morse gave a few remarks and jovially spoke of how he has nursed a grievance against Saint Mary's ever since he came down here more than a quarter of a century ago with the U. C. Baseball team and got fanned the first time he came to bat.

To show how really and truly Saint Mary's is behind this issue, pamphlets have been obtained telling about amendment ten, and these may be obtained from Brother Lawrence, who sincerely requests that all the students who are not sure that their parents know of amendment ten, will call at his office and get some of the pamphlets and do all in their power to see that the people they know will vote for amendment ten in the coming election. This is an especially good opportunity for resident students, as they can put some of these pamphlets into the letters that they write home.

CHARLEMAGNE CLUB

Through the efforts of Mr. Louis Woerner with the sanction and co-operation of members of the Faculty, the Charlemagne Club of Saint Mary's College was organized on the evening of the eight of October. This society is a club for students interested in the further study of the French and German languages, and its membership will be limited by certain scholarship requirements. From time to time, the members will be expected to render original work in the particular language studied and the society will also attend French and German plays and productions of various kinds. The type of work to be done will cover a broad field and should be not only of intellectual benefit, but interesting and pleasurable to the members of the society.

The organization meeting was called by temporary Chairman Biane. The officers elected were F. Biane, President; W. Keller, Vice-President, and L. Lloyd, Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. Woerner was chosen Moderator, and W. Keller and T. Burns were appointed temporary French and German Department Chairmen respectively. Mr. Woerner made a talk to those present. The Dean, Brother Lawrence, addressed the members of the society congratulating them on their organization of such a club, and encouraging them in their work. Brother B. Edward also spoke to the society, and Heinze and Tomblin provided entertainment by vocal and piano selections.

COMMERCE CLUB

During the last week of September the members of the Commerce Club and the Upper Division were very fortunate in having Mr. Hudson, of the United States Department of Commerce, address them. His lecture was very interesting as well as highly instructive, dealing with some of the practical problems that have to be faced by our government, and bearing out in a practical way the theoretical principles that we are taught in college. Everyone attending the lecture was very well pleased, and it was hoped that more speakers of the caliber of Mr. Hudson would be obtained to address the students on practical business problems.

In connection with this idea the Club President, Mr. Harold Clark, has succeeded in securing a well known bank president of the bay region to address the Club on "Banking and the College Student." As we all know, this is a question that has confronted many college students, and one that is difficult to decide. What does banking offer to the college trained man? What are the chances of advancement in the banking world? What are the requirements? What courses should one pursue, if he wishes to enter the field of banking? These and many other questions of equal importance, will be considered in the course of the lecture. Questions that are of vital importance, not only to the man who is planning to follow banking, but of importance to every man in college who intends to enter any line of business. These problems will be handled by a very competent speaker, and one who has had wide, practical experience in banking.

Final particulars, as to the date and place, have not been formally announced, but all those who are interested should watch for further announcements, and it is to be hoped that every college man will show his appreciation of what the Commerce Club is trying to do, by being present.

(Continued from page 2)

"Just turn me over on my side, buddie," came the intreaty, "so I'll die facing God's country and the ones who are praying for me."

The medical student took a long draw from his pipe and then carefully set it on the dying man's pillow. Tenderly but firmly he brought the soldier to the desired position. When about to replace his old briar to his mouth Dr. Collins shouted something and came rushing across the floor. The pipe was but an inch from Gordon's teeth when the doctor was upon him. With a half straight-arm and half punch to the head the superior sent the intern head over heels on the floor. He bounded up and trembling with cooped up anger faced the doctor. He looked surprised for a second then a sarcastic smile played on his handsome features.

"So that's the kind of loser you turned out to be," he flashed, "well you can have her if she means that much to you!"

The doctor held out a restraining hand and wanted to explain, but the hasty youth had darted out of the door and was across the rice field toward Manila. Collins ran to the door and called but it was like whistling for a disobedient hound, the young fellow

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did not answer. That was the last seen of Intern Gordon Bruce on the Philippine Islands.

Years passed and Collins had returned to San Francisco. He came back to the same old haunts, unchanged by the few years' absence. One warm June day the doctor stepped into a saloon to refresh himself with a glass or two of port wine. This was in the year 1903. Standing at the rail was Gordon Hunt. He rushed up to Collins and clasped him on the shoulder.

"I've looked forward to this meeting for five years," smiled Gordon after the customary handshaking and questions were over, "ever since that unfortunate incident over on the Island."

"Same here," beamed the good old doctor, too happy for words.

"I just came in on the Overland Limited from New York, where I have a wonderful practice. The reason I came these many miles was just to let you know that I thought it over many times since, and believe me I merited that knock in the jaw, because that was a mighty low down trick to double time a pal like you."

Tears, which the old man had bravely tried to check, were dropping into his wine.

"Gordon, I didn't hit you because of Mercedes' fickleness, but I did want to keep that pipe from reaching your mouth. I never had time to shout and explain, by that time you would have had it in your mouth. The best thing I could do was to shove your head from it. My speed in rushing over lent power to the impact of the blow. This made it seem like a deliberate punch in the jaw."

"Why did you wish to keep my pipe from my mouth," stammered the dismayed Gordon.

"You had placed it on that dying man's pillow covered with deadly mal leria germs; had that pipe reached your mouth, we would have buried you in twenty-four hours out in the rice fields with the rest."

—JOSEPH F. CLAUSE, '30.

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ALUMNI

GARRETT McINERNEY

Garrett McInerney was toastmaster of the Citizens' Banquet of the Sesqui-Centennial Civic Celebration held in honor of the founding of the Mission Dolores in San Francisco. The honored guest of the evening was Cardinal Hayes of New York, fellow alumnus of the toastmaster in as much as His Eminence is a graduate of the Christian Brothers College in New York. Another honored guest of the evening was Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, Minnesota, also a graduate of the Christian Brothers College. Brother Joseph, local Provincial, and Brother Gregory, President of the College, were also guests at the banquet.

SAN FRANCISCO ALUMNI UNIT

There was a meeting of the San Francisco Alumni Unit on the evening of the eighth of October at which Brother Z. Leo was the principal speaker. Others who gave talks were Brother Agnon, B. P. Oliver, '73, Dr. McGettigan, '93, and Colonel John L. Flynn, '01, President of the Unit. The members of the alumni were asked to encourage other members of the alumni to attend a meeting of the San Francisco Unit to be held in the near future.

RESERVED ALUMNI SECTIONS

The reserving of a special section for members of the Alumni at the game between California and Saint Mary's proved to be a great success and it is hoped that it will become a custom that the College will extend this courtesy to their former students.

HOWARD MALLEN

Howard Mallen, former student at Saint Mary's College and manager of one of San Francisco's most prominent real estate offices, was among those present at the football game of the College with California. Howard is one of Slip Madigan's strongest supporters. Walter and William Mallen, now attending Saint Mary's, are brothers of Howard Mallen.

—W. KELLER.

Our Accredited High Schools

SAINT MARY'S

HIGH SCHOOL TIES RICHMOND

Displaying a machine that moved with precision, enviable even in the Varsity, our High School football team held Richmond High School to a 6-6 tie on September 24. The preps outplayed and outfought the Richmond aggregation and it was because of bad breaks that the game resulted as it did.

The half ended with both teams scoreless and the ball in the center of the field. It was not until the latter part of the third quarter that Richmond succeeded in scoring. Saint Mary's line charged in and the try for the additional point failed. In the fourth quarter the preps gained a great deal of yardage on the exchange of punts and they likewise crossed the Richmond goal line. A pass, McGettigan to Siber, turned the trick for the preps; the following drop-kick was blocked.

To Captain Mark Noonan goes the major portion of the glory, for his cool-headed generalship and stellar playing paved the way to the lone touchdown. His punting was by no means dispicable, as the average length of them was at least forty yards, while one traversed the length of the field for sixty. Joe Kelleher advanced the ball for a goodly amount of yardage and his flashy runs were the feature of the game. Opponents will be keeping a watchful eye on Joe henceforth.

Barney Fortney and Pat Kissich more than held their own on the line and many a gain by Saint Mary's backs was made over center and tackle. The efforts of the linemen are sometimes overlooked to give attention to the backfield men, but Barney and Pat made themselves so evident that an oversight would seem purposeful.

At both games the members of the student body were present in goodly numbers F. LYNCH, Ac. '27.

STOCKTON GAME

Saint Mary's High football team met defeat at the hands of Stockton, 13-14. The game was played October 9, the day of the California game, and for that reason no rooters accompanied the coach and his men. The preps did their scoring in the first half. On a number of well executed forward passes the preps put over their first score, and followed later in the period with another, which they failed to convert. Stockton put over two touchdowns in the last half, and followed with a touchback. The starting line-up: Fourtney, Claeys, Kissach, O'Leary, Mooney, Silic, Sibert and the backfield, Captain Noonan, Kelleher, McGettigan and Clougherty.

WEIGHT TEAM

After considerable delay a 145-pound football team in the high school was organized with Ellsworth Heinze as coach. Coach Heinze announces a veteran team, several members coming from St. Joseph Academy, Berkeley, where they played football last year. Among those players who are expected to star in the forthcoming season are: Jack Davis, fast end; Buzz Loughery who handles the center position, and Garrasstti.

Games have been scheduled with the following high schools: Alameda, Berkeley, Fremont, Commerce, St. Ignatius (these last two being played in the city) and the Oakland Goofs.

Brother Gregory also promised the team new uniforms, showing his interest in their work.

The committee appointed by the senior class president, Mr. Gettingan, in regard to the class rings, informs us that they will be forthcoming as soon as possible after the sixteenth of this month.

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Books

MARK AIKIN

THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND

Padraic Colum. Macmillan, 1926

What could be more delightful than to wander through the outlying countryside of Ireland with one who is thoroughly alive to its charm? Padraic Colum, the poet and dreamer of Erin, has at last made this possible in a volume which is redolent of the spirit of his native land. In a series of colorful sketches which lead us from the Midlands, through Breifry, and finally into Munster, we come upon many an equisite scene—now a landscape, now a village, or some tiny farm. Particularly fascinating are the studies of wandering vagabonds, tinkers, intinerant musicians, and country folk. There are a number of stories, too, which the author has gathered in his rambles through obscure Irish places, and these because they are so typical, give the book something of an irresistible lure. Among other interesting features are the portraits of certain Irish personages—Padraic Pearse, Arthur Griffith and his political theories, Sean O'Casey, and Daniel Corkey, with his literary explorations, the vibrant birth of the Irish Revolution, and a dozen important facets of contemporary Ireland are deftly presented and in a manner which is full of sympathetic understanding.

The book is essentially one of the small towns and byways, and for this reason does not send us to the great cities, although Dublin, Cork, and Kilkenny are pictured. It is purely an exposition of the countrysides, and through scores of vivid sketches, the reader is brought into close touch with the real Ireland, and is made to feel the quickening spirit of the place.

IS IT GOOD ENGLISH?

John o'London
Geo. Newnes Ltd., London, 1926

Here is another of those humorous yet instructive little books by John o'London. At first sight, the title suggests a grim rhetorical treatise, or is at least reminiscent of the throes of grammar—the "grammar which youth loathes and maturity forgets." Doubtless, had anyone save this author undertaken the work, it would have followed the customary "dry-as-dust" tenor; but John has a faculty for making irksome things enjoyable. To learn that it is more precise to say "you was" than "you were"—although it may appear wrong; to hear a witty Englishman's view of the "American language," these, and scores of other topics create an atmosphere which is at once lively and pensive.

This little tome is not of the "swallow-whole" variety, which is read from cover to cover and then laid aside. Rather, it will be found ideal for those desultory moments when the mind wishes to ramble about picking up odd bits of information in a leisurely and amused manner. For the author has nearly succeeded in forming an epitome of all those lesser facts which are, nevertheless, well worth knowing.

WRITING CRAFTSMANSHIP

M. G. Fulton. Macmillian, 1926.

If "playing the sedulous ape" will make Stevensons out of all who emulate successful writers, then Mr. Fulton's book is destined to great results. At any rate, there can be no doubt that it is a wise plan for college Freshmen (and others) to model their compositions after those of some skilled master. But as it is at times difficult to rival Newman and Macaulay, our author has compiled a collection of essays by lesser writers, which he has arranged in related groups. These essays will be found particularly helpful, for while they treat of subjects like those assigned in college, they are at the same time real masterpieces possessed of no slight literary worth. A better selection would have been difficult to make. Following each group are a number of comments, questions, and assignments which render the task of theme-writing twice as easy, and ever so much more interesting. There is, moreover, no restriction which limits the book to a particular class, but it can be read and enjoyed by all who are fond of light literature.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Hilaire Belloc.
Vol. I. Putnam's, N. Y. ($3.75)

At last the malign histories of England are to be rectified by one which stands for sound Catholic interpretation of facts. Mr. Belloc, in the first installment of his purposed four-volume History of England, sets out to correct popular misconceptions, and to arrange causes and effects in their proper order. As stated in his preface, he holds religion to be the determining factor in society. He further claims that the character of the English people was never greatly changed by the invasions, and that the origin of modern England is to be found in the "known and recorded Roman civilization," and not in "an imaginary German ancestry." Mr. Belloc then proceeds to narrate the history from the earliest times to the Norman Conquest.

England, he tells us, first came to be a place of importance when, after being conquered by the Romans, it became a Roman Province endowed with Roman civilization and Roman government. With the rise of Christianity, and the consequent decline of paganism, England became joined by a bond of higher authority than a mere political one—a bond of common faith, common ecclesiastical organization, and common religious discipline. Our author indicates that England's history at this time can be understood only by a study of the relations with Rome and the Church, for as yet, England did not exist as a distinct nation. Through the Darks Ages—those disorderly years which followed upon the fall of the Empire, Mr. Belloc points out, the connection with Roman and Christian tradition was kept alive by close contact with France. The influence of the Germanic invasions is held to be greatly exaggerated, for our author contends that the impress of the Roman civilization was never entirely effaced, and that England was ultimately revived because she tempered the Roman spirit with her Christian faith.

No doubt Mr. Belloc's History is destined to cause much commotion in the ranks of the blindfolded. At any rate, his treatment of facts is beyond cavil, and what with his sprightly style, it is certain that many will alter their views, and perhaps enjoy history-reading for the first time, as well!

—M. A.

THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY

Will Durant
New York, Simon & Schuster. ($5)

By and large it is fair to say that philosophy has been the most fundamentally practical and useful of all sciences. When you tell me that a man is a physicist or a chemist, you have told me nothing about the man, you have merely told me his vocation; but when you say that a man is a Stoic or an Epicurean, a scholastic or an empiricist, an idealist or a materialist or a skeptic, you are revealing something fundamental in him, an internal pattern, a general outlook, from which I can usually infer his religious attitude, his ethical ideals, and even his political preferences. The story of philosophy can be no more, and should be no less, than life's consciousness of its own meaning. It is thus that Will Durant has understood it. To put in untechnical language what the wisest men have thought about the meaning of life, to trace the origin and effect of their ideas, and to attempt some independent valuation of the latter—this was the threefold purpose of his work. Even with all due reservations—and there are some tremendous reservations that must be made—it is nothing more than justice to assert that on the whole he has been marvellously successful.

The outstanding feature of the book is its presentation of the most abstruse and subtle doctrines in language that is clear, simple, and attractive. The work is almost as easy to read as any well-written novel, yet the author has rarely done wrong to the essential meaning of any of his philosophers. The secret lies partially in his gusto and boldness. He is not an original thinker, but he is an independent one. There is nothing of the pedant about him, no tendency to lose the forest in the trees. He gives the impression that he is a lover of philosophy who has absorbed the teachings of its various schools so thoroughly that he can easily reproduce them in his own language, infusing into it the passionate delight of his studies and at the same time criticizing it with a freedom and irreverence bred of long familiarity.

He knows, too, when to quote. The numerous passages which he selects from his philosophers are invariably well chosen, interesting in themselves and typical of their writers. Lastly he has the gift of repartee. His book abounds in epigrams, usually clever, although sometimes superficial and occasionally sinking into cheap witticism, but always summarizing curtly a definite point of view.

Perhaps no original and profound philosopher could have written so good an introduction to philosophy. The one who helps us most is one not too far above us. The author of "The Story of Philosophy" is a pragmatist of the pragmatists and shares all the defects of the school to which he belongs. In his praiseworthy desire to humanize philosophy, he forgets that human beings do not constitute the universe. Logic, epistemology, and metaphysics are completely subordinated by him to scientific methodology, ethics, and politics. Thus he gives more space to Bacon than Plato, and as a climax of wilfulness devotes fifty-four pages to Voltaire, who as a philosopher could have been disposed of in a foot-note, while he deems nine pages enough for Hegel, and half a page sufficient for five centuries of Scholasticism. Yet even here, perhaps, the approach is not without defence as constituting the path most accessible to the general reader who is intimately at least, likely to be far more interested in himself than in the universe or God. Less capable of apology is the talk of a specifically American philosophy, foreshadowed in John Dewey, which will be entirely divorced from European tradition—which is similar to demanding an American physics entirely divorced from the work of Newton and Galileo. National provincialism could hardly go further unless it is on the last page where the author asserts that leisure and luxury have always led to culture (witness possibly Assyria, Persia, Phoenicia, and Carthage?) and that since we possess wealth we shall inevitably possess philosophy. All of which means that Will Durant has the typical qualities of his fellow countrymen — irrepressible buoyancy, zest, the instinct of expansion, and impatience with everything that smacks of repression, discipline, and tradition. Nevertheless he has given us a book in which he has caught by no means all but a good part of the tradition of philosophy, and the part of it perhaps most essential for the general reader. He has written not a book of philosophy nor a history of philosophy—neither of which he pretended to write—but an excellent introduction to philosophy, more one-sided than others, it is true, but incomparably more alive than any of them.

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